

# ★ Miss Frances Starr ★ Gets \$1 a Night for Being a Good Little Actress.

THERE'S a certain, or uncertain, charm that can't be caught and cooped up between column rules. It's refreshing to meet an actress who isn't off the stage; but it's a bit disconcerting. She takes you off your guard and disarms description, which, after all, is only criticism in another form.

So I'll not attempt to describe Miss Frances Starr, except to say that she isn't as dark as the Rose of Belasco's Rancho. A blonde? Not quite. She's about the color of the day when the day's a good color, with just enough blue in her eyes to suggest pleasant skies. She's the sort of girl that soothed your manly breast when you felt top heavy with your first high hat and plunged bravely into that mad dissipation, the Sunday afternoon "call." My first impression, that Miss Starr was as dainty and pretty as the tea-set in the corner, was followed by an overwhelming sense of her grace and charm, and without standing on ceremony for more than a moment, I dropped into the first chair to hide my own constitutional awkwardness. I might as well admit that Miss Starr took me off my feet. Usually a "star" doesn't. But a Frances Starr was a new experience. She wasn't a "star." She laughed at the suggestion, leaving me frankly foolish and secretly apologetic. Before I realized what had happened I was dangling on the point of her question.

"What is a 'star'?"

"Nowadays," I floundered, "it is usually something that grows big on billboards and spreads itself in programmes. It's an advertisement."

"Well, then, I'm not a 'star,' am I?" she argued, in maidenly triumph. "My name isn't in big letters. I'm just in the cast. And that's much nicer, isn't it? I should be afraid to see myself in big letters. They make one seem so terribly important. I never felt important but once, and that was when Mr. Belasco put me under the care of a doctor. That was the first step in my 'training' for 'The Rose of the Rancho.' Mr. Belasco said he wished me to be strong, for there was a great deal of work to be done. Do you like to ride? I love it. To get out early in the morning and ride for three hours was my greatest joy. But the doctor put a stop to that."

"Perhaps he was right," I ventured, with the brilliancy of a graduate bromide.

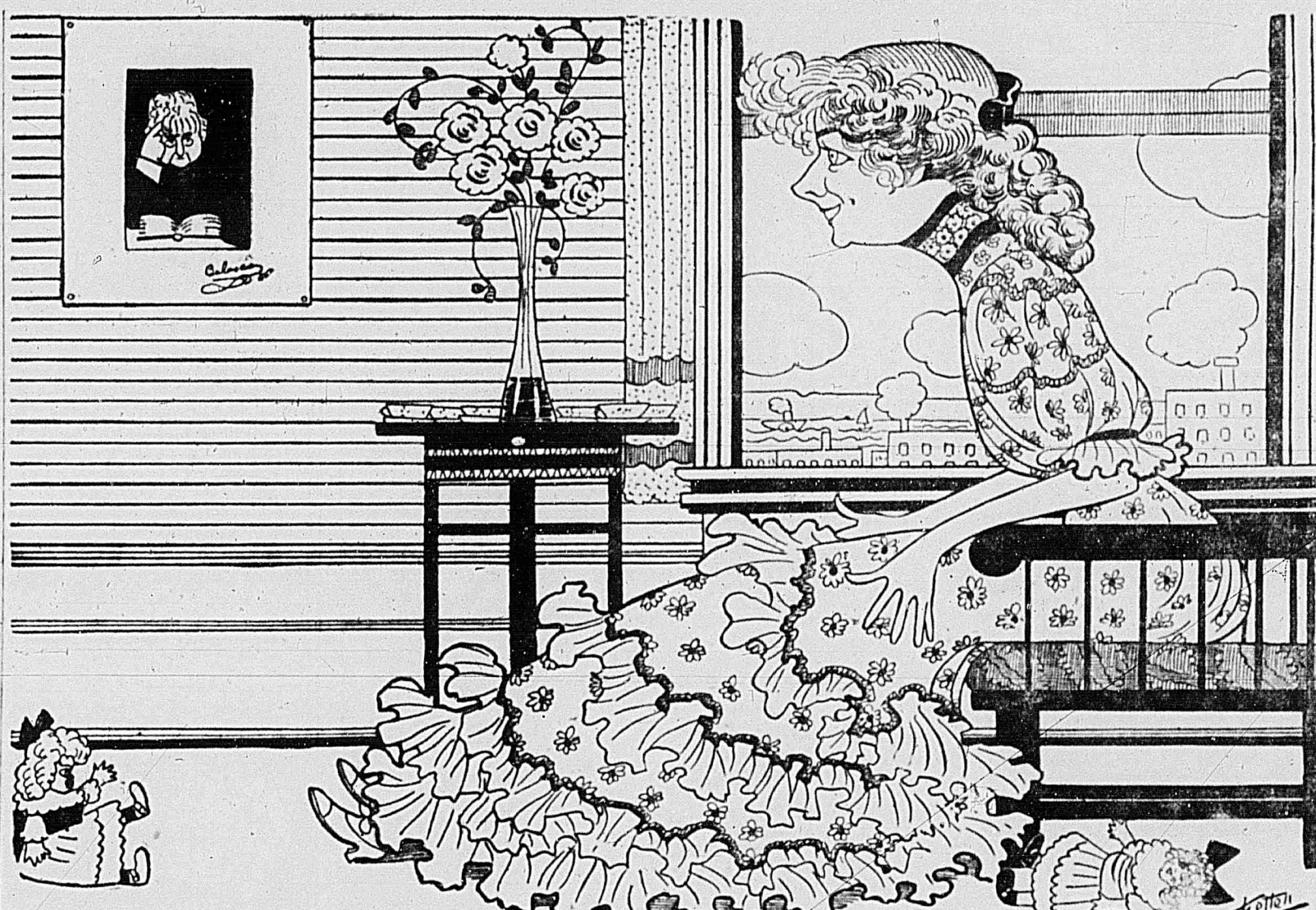
"I think he was," agreed Miss Starr, "for I used to come back pretty well tired out. At any rate, I obeyed instructions, and settled down to work. Was it hard work? No, it didn't seem like work at all. Mr. Belasco has a way of making everything seem easy."

"He didn't drag you about by the hair?" (This in the face of his picture on the wall.)

"No, he didn't," answered Miss Starr, laughing, her front hair over her eyes. "He was disappointingly gentle. I don't know just what he did, but I think he coaxed things out of me. I suppose the public imagines that he stands with a play in his hands and reads, or pounds, a part into one. But he doesn't do anything of the sort. He merely suggests. He doesn't tell you how to act a part. You are left to find out that for yourself. He is careful not to do anything that may destroy a personality. Little by little he brings out your personality and teaches you to act. I really believe he could make that book act if he cared to try."

The book didn't deny it.

"Mr. Belasco's methods were a revelation to me," she tripped along. "And that first dress rehearsal! Shall I ever forget it? It began at 10 o'clock one morning and went steadily on until 10:30 the next morning. Tired? Not a bit. We rehearsed only one act, and when it was over I could have danced for an hour longer. I didn't want to go to bed, so I took a carriage and drove in the park until half-past 2. Then I came



"The Garlic I Ate, All on Account of Juanita."

home and slept until 6. No one dreamed of being sleepy during the long rehearsal—it was all so interesting. A Belasco rehearsal is a rare experience."

"Were there other experiences?"

"Oh, so many! For weeks I talked Spanish, walked Spanish, ate Spanish, all in the hope of acting Spanish. I hunted out Spanish families, spent days in their homes, did everything possible to learn their customs. I turned my back on American hotels and went to queer little restaurants on the east side. And the garlic I ate, all on account of Juanita!"

She turned her head and smiled at the memory and the North River. "I even tried to read Spanish," she added. "See!" showing me a

Spanish prayer book.

"You tried to be good in Spanish?"

"Yes," she laughed. "And I'm going to tell you something. I get a dollar every night for being good."

"For being a good little actress?"

"Yes, and if I'm particularly good, Mr. Belasco gives me a dollar and a half. I got a dollar and a half last night. He comes to me after every performance and rewards me as though I were a little child. When he is very, very pleased, he brings me a doll. I keep the dolls in my dressing-room, and I'm hoarding up the money in a little silk bag. I believe Mr. Belasco would give away everything he owns if some one didn't watch him.

★ ★ ★ When She's  
Very, Very Good Mr.  
Belasco Gives Her a  
Dollar and a Half,  
She Tells ★ ★  
CHARLES DARNTON.

He would take off his necktie and give it to you if he thought you wanted it. The man is the soul of generosity."

The picture on the wall was rapidly assuming the guise of Santa Claus, and it was quite apparent that Miss Starr was as happy as a child with a Christmas toy.

"Happy!" exclaimed Miss Starr. "It seems too good to be true. Even before I went on the stage I dreamed of acting in a Belasco company. Isn't it strange that it has really come about? When I made a contract with Mr. Belasco my friends said I was foolish to sign away six years of my life. I told them I'd rather have a small part in a Belasco company than be a 'star' under any one else. My experience with stock companies was very good in its way, but I had quite enough of it. It is quite easy to be 'it' in a stock company, but certain mannerisms are almost sure to be the penalty of popularity. Bad work often wins popularity, while good work makes the actor unpopular. The stock actor runs great danger of being spoiled by his audiences. I may have been rescued just in time. The opportunity that Mr. Belasco has given me was wholly unexpected. When I was in 'The Music Master' and Mr. Belasco sent for me I thought I was going to lose my position. And when he asked me if I could play a guitar I thought he was going to put me into musical comedy. It was several weeks before I learned his plans for me. He unfolded them little by little, in order not to frighten me I imagine. But I was fearfully frightened on the first night."

"No one had ever heard of me—and there I was—oh! I can't tell you how I felt. Mr. Belasco did everything for me, and as for my contract—well, I shall be only too glad to remain with him as long as he is willing to keep me. That is the general feeling among his actors."

"How do you explain this loyalty?"

"By one word—love. He rules his theatre by love. He wins his people to him. I should be content to play any part in one of his companies for the rest of my life."

"You have no ambition beyond Juanita?"

"Oh, yes, I have. But I'm keeping it a secret. Nothing could make me tell what it is."

"Not even a dollar?"

"Not even a dollar and a half."

## Roy L. McCardell

### The Week Before Xmas Closes So Many Shows the Flat Is Full of Friends

By Roy L. McCardell.



point to a picture of Santa Claus and says: 'Do you love this old man?' to me, they're liable to get a push in the pant!

There are two things that sure get a pucker put in 'em during the merry Yuletide days. One's Wall Street and the other's the theatre.

"Here in New York they have pullers-in instead of ticket speculators in front of all the theatres, shows, and the managers are making themselves hoarse outbidding for the services of able-bodied men who have their own dress suits and don't object to night work, and can furnish a lady friend to assist in filling aching voids in auditoriums."

"But to cut the cues, kid, business is sure bad, and out of town, where they have no fine feelings or jockeying, they don't make any old-boyish pretenses, but close for the week before Christmas."

"And when they close anywhere without reason to our fair city the actors and actresses book through to Broadway on a long jump and play no dates between."

"Not that I should say a word but what I'm glad to see them, because who knows but what such a date may overtake us and we be so anxious for something to eat that we'll accept the awful alternative of becoming the guest of honor at the Player Dees-Club."

"Every girl we ever met has brought her satchel to the house. They are stalling about how they couldn't keep away from old Broadway, but they never all go out on it at once. Some stay on sentry to get the others word by wireless that there are small indications at the flat."

"Mazie Montreaser, don't you remember reading about her holding the swell party at Sherry's—but afterward the party got away?"

"Well, Mazie got back from Baltimore with nothing but joyous enthusiasm, what she stood in, and her faithful powder rag."

"Gould Magee, who thought sure she had a Pittsburg millionaire hooked—but alas! them dreams is frosts to be got in from Toronto, reporting severe frosts all over the British possessions on this continent, so far as she could see."

"Gouldie couldn't wait for the elevator boy to leave the telephone switchboard and take her up, but ran up the five flights and burst in on us shouting: 'I've come to spend Christmas with you! Aunt! you glad?'"

"Miss Elmhurst and Corinne Carruthers, who interpolate their vocal and acrobatic specialties, 'The Lady Lineman' into the big spectacular success 'Lemonland,' that was such a failure here, but it was taken out with a cheap company and all parts doubled—well, they got in at 3 A. M., having walked all the way from the Delaware and Lackawanna depot. They report that things look black along the road of antitrac."

"Charlie Face is camping out in the dining-room, and is afraid to get off the sofa even to eat, for fear it will be snatched away from him."

"Charlie Face says nix for him on the Acme Aggregation playing romantic masterpieces at popular prices, with vaudeville between the acts and voting contests for an eight-day stove for the most popular engaged couple in the towns they played."

"They closed for the holidays at Allentown, but it

## The Evening World's Martin Green Three Humorists Irvin S. Cobb

was for keeps so far as the dashing young romantic actor, Charlie Face, was concerned.

"He'd played juvenile leads before some people in the business had stopped selling shoestrings to take over chains of playhouses, he says, and he was going to keep in the bright lights from this on."

"He had an awful encounter with a rude fellow who took his fork away from him at the free lunch counter."

"And the fellow told him to go to—before he could finish his speech Charlie told him it was no more playing the provinces for him."

"McCliff and McGuffin, the kingpins of song and dance, is with us, too. They were kindly told we had no place for them to sleep, and they told us they didn't want to sleep, they were so glad to get back that they intended to cut out sleeping."

"Not one of the bunch has a cent, but they are happy as larks, and ours in a house of song and happy days for all, as long as our credit for bottled beer holds out in the neighborhood."

"Old Man Moneyton dropped in the other night, but he didn't enjoy himself because he don't care for razor in the sock of an amiable man."

"What's the use of feeding the poor with turkey and cranberry sauce and celery and cement masquerading as plum pudding on Christmas Day and sentencing them to chuck steak once a week for the rest of the year? It's a fine business to arrange things so a man has to play them so close to his chest from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 that his wishbone gets calloused and expect him to give three cheers for Christmas."

"It might be worse. I knew a man once who got a Christmas present of a horse and he had no place to keep it but in his flat. Besides, the doctor had just ordered him to walk to and from work every day. He had lost his bank roll in Wall street and his wife had presented him with twins. The rich get everything they need and the poor never get anything they need."

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### Joe Miller Discourses on the Strenuous Yuletide.

By Martin Green.



"WELL, it's the same old Christmas gag," sighed Joe Miller, the author of Joe Miller's Joke Book, who is supposed to have gone into the discard years and years ago, but is really alive, peddling his stuff along Broadway, "everybody thinking about what he has to give and worrying about what he is going to get, although most of us might dispense with the latter. The great bulk of Christmas-giving ranks with putting a safety razor in the sock of an amiable man."

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"Christmas was a beautiful time all right when a man, out of sheer joyous good nature, could sit down

in his spare moments, manufacture a wagon out of a cigar box and four spoons, give it to his angel child and be thought well of. In those days Christmas gifts were Christmas gifts. Now they constitute a strain."

"While President Roosevelt is simplifying things it seems to me he might get in right by simplifying Christmas. If he would set the pace by giving each of his children a 4-cent Teddy bear, and Mrs. Astor should establish the custom of giving each of her relatives and friends a neat sweater, and John D. Rockefeller should decide that his most expensive Christmas present would be a nice blue kerosene oil barrel appropriately trimmed, and John W. Gates would confine his gifts to boxes of cigars, the thing would be done."

"But it won't. We'll go right along blowing ourselves to the limit of our credit and getting talked about for being grouches. The more we have the more we want to give away. If we don't want to, we have to, anyhow, so it is just as well to make a bluff that we want to. It certainly is productive of joy to give a five-year-old kid a \$50 toy automobile and have him take it out and push it under a street car."

"This thing of telling the children there is no Santa Claus is a cruel proposition. Time was when we could make Santa Claus the goat. Nowadays the kids know that Santa Claus's real name is painted on the windows of the department stores, and that he never coughs up unless he gets the coin."

"What, in your opinion?" I asked. "Is the most appropriate Christmas gift you have heard of this year?"

"Attorney-General Mayer's break to put the Ice Trust out of business when he saw only a week longer in office and all the ponds and lakes up-State are frozen solid, appears to me to be the largest, most humane and most laudable piece of Santa Claus work I know of, outside of one Christmas when a whole-hearted philanthropist sent a box of lemons to a colored brass band," replied Joe.

### Hi Glasses, in Town, to Brother Green Glasses, At Funny Glasses, Va.

By Irvin S. Cobb.



DEAR GREEN—From where I sit it looks to me as if Santa Claus makes a bad insurance risk of himself. Just as a matter of fact, he comes to this town. Any elderly gentleman with a make-up like John Alexander Dowie and a disposition like Andrew Carnegie thinks he has—but hasn't—is morally certain to find hard security ahead of him when he invades the village of Grating New York with his venerable peckan full of peace-on-earth-good-will-to-man notions and Christmas cheer and crude philanthropy and other sentiments which went out of fashion about the time John D. changed his grip upon the world from half-Nelson to strangle hold."

Anyhow, Santa isn't posted on the new philanthropy; he's too promiscuous in his methods; his team work is all to the minor league. He's such a doddering, antiquated old baby mattress that he'd give a toy drum or a doll baby to a poor child for no reason on earth except that the kid wanted it, without waiting to inquire whether the case was a truly deserving one. Which of course is all wrong and contrary to the bed-rock principles of organized charity. Organized charity means that when a starving tramp braves a rich man for the price of a drum or a bed or a beef stew the rich man gives him a brass check which entitles him to be investigated by a paid bureau for two weeks—that is, one week before he dies and one afterward—and then, if they find out he really was starving they send a ticket calling for an undershirt and a pair of rubber overshoes to his late address. Anytime we spend a dollar for charity in this town we desire to have it make a noise like dropping a ton of tinware off the Flatiron Building."

It's an open question in my mind whether this dippy Claus person even gets a chance to indulge his sickening and maudlin sentimentality in our metropolitan midst. If he comes butting into town in a reindeer sleigh, either the police will arrest him for giving a street parade without a permit or else the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which can see no harm in using the tonic system on a horse's tail, will prosecute him for not wrapping up the horns of his reindeer in burlaps as a protection against the weather. It'll be just as uncertain if he arrives by water. We'll be reading something like this in the paper:

"Mr. Kringle, the famous Arctic explorer, arrived to-day on the Hyperion, the Command Line. There was a report that he had come to see the advisory committee in the organization of the new Consolidated Christmas Cheer Company, Limited, which is being formed by Messrs. Ryan and Morgan for the purpose of taking over all the smaller Christmas incentives. But this he warmly denied. At the New York reporter asked him the customary questions: 'How do the sky-scrapers strike you? What are your impressions of the Gateway?' 'Do you admit that the American women are most beautiful in the world?' His answer to the last question being regarded as evasive, he was promptly knocked down by a bystander, a patriotic American who has been in this country almost two weeks and who has just taken off his first naturalization papers. Kringle was removed to the hospital. He will probably be out about July 4."

It is a sad endeavor to slip in by stealth it will read like this:

"The immigration officials have detained, and will probably deport an aged foreigner, believed to be a Swedish, who says he comes from Iceland and that his last name is Kringle. The authorities say that he is undoubtedly insane; he has a delusion to the effect that it is his first naturalization papers. Kringle, the medical examiner, thinks that the poor old demented creature is also suffering from a disease of the eyes, so he can see strange green in them. It is a sad case, especially as the aged stranger is without visible means of support and says he has no wealthy friends in New York."

But if by any mischance he should get in I can't see anything ahead of him except dun-colored trouble. If he leaves toy engines and doll-houses for Fifth Avenue children, who expect diamond

bracelets and motor cars, he will make himself intensely disliked; and if he should go blundering around the marbled roof of the intoxicated courthouse that Senator Clark calls a home, he will get lost in an impenetrable forest of stone flues, and maybe slide down the front chimney into the back yard. If he ventures into the side streets he'll find strong opposition. Stout young men will be busy putting something in a stocking. The something will be a gaspipe, and the young men calculate on giving the stocking to the passerby—giving it to them good—and making them see the Christmas stars."

No doubt, Santa will make a lot of other errors just as absurd, since, as I take it, he is getting fat on in years and possibly is sort of senile. He will probably bring a lot of honorary college degrees to some of our leading citizens, forgetting that there are two letters which, printed after a man's name in Bradstreet's, are worth more, in New York, than all the "LL.D." fixings Harvard ever inflected on its chosen victims. He may be dumb enough to see Congress a message, forgetting that our President is now doing messaging by the day, week, job, and running foot."

On the whole, I guess Santa better stay in the country where they're old fashioned enough to appreciate him. Well, long, Green. Don't take in any bad money—unless you can't get the other kind. Yours, ILL.

### May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Girl's Empire Coat—Pattern No. 5542.

EMPIRE coats are very generally becoming to the younger girls and are very much in vogue. This one gives unbroken lines at front and back and allows of entirely novel trimming and treatment. In the illustration it is made of Russian green broadcloth, with trimming of dark green velvet, and finishing of silk, but all cloaking materials that are used for little girls are appropriate. It may be made from velvet or velveteen as well as from broadcloth, while if a simpler coat is desired there are a great many mixtures and plaids.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is 5-14 yds 27, 3-4 yds 44 or 3 yards 12 inches wide, with 3-8 yard of velvet to trim as illustrated.

Pattern No. 5542 is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.

How to Obtain These Patterns: Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 2 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always in full size wanted.

### Hints from the House Horrible; or, How to

By Jean Mohr.

